

Bowling-Green, Feb. 8, 1845.

OUR OBJECT.

As some may not understand, and as others may knowingly misrepresent the object which we had in view, in the establishment of the "Banner," we beg leave to state explicitly, and without equivocation, our object. Our design was not altogether selfish; we looked not alone to personal aggrandizement, when we formed the project of conducting the press. Perhaps we were not entirely free from that feeling of self, so common to our race—but other and nobler objects, we hope actuated us. We saw the party with whom it is our pride to co-operate, struggling manfully against a stronger foe—we saw its energies weakened and impaired by strife and intestine warfare—we saw the very temples of Democracy desecrated by the rude broils of brother with brother, and friend with friend—and we shuddered as we beheld that each day weakened our own, and added strength and vigor to our opponents, who were laughing in their sleeves at this continual warfare. But that time has passed away—if there were any issues involving principle, they have been decided—the people have acted upon them, a deep, and as we hope, an everlasting quietus has been given to them, and he is a traitor and an incendiary, who would with an impious hand stir up again the embers of bitterness in the same household. If we know ourselves, our only wish is to close if possible, the breach which has heretofore existed in our party, to drive far hence the vile demon of discord, which has stalked into our party—to turn our batteries upon our common foes, who, although beaten and overwhelmed for a moment by the popular voice, will again raise its Hydra head under some sounding appellation to attempt again to play the miserable farce of eighteen hundred and forty. Does not wisdom cry aloud to us to stay our unnatural strife, and march in one solid and unbroken phalanx against those with whom we differ upon fundamental principles? Can we then as conductors of a Democratic press, do more to effect this laudable purpose than by planting ourselves upon the broad platform of the Constitution—by occupying the same ground upon which the Republican fathers of seventeen hundred and ninety-eight and nine, stood at that momentous period in the history of our Government? Then, away with discord! away with heart-burnings and bickerings. Shall it be thus, Democrats? if so, let it be your watchword—let it be a shining monument afar off, to guide you to victory. Without your aid and co-operation in this great work, we are powerless—without an effort on your part, the glorious cause for which our party contend, will be irretrievably lost, and you may live to behold the immolation of vital principles upon the unholy altar of private pique and hatred.

THE BANNER.—As soon as the spring opens, and arrangements can be made, we promise our patrons that the "Banner" shall appear in a new dress;—and if we do not issue the most interesting paper north of St. Louis, we promise to make it as much so, as our feeble abilities will allow.

From what we can learn, the public are looking forward with much interest to the debate at Buffalo meeting house, on the 15th inst. We can safely say that most of the disputants selected, will be present. We shall take notice in the Banner, of the important issues assumed during the debate by the disputants.

Messrs. Broadhead, Brewington, Henderson, Buckner and Minor, will certainly be there.

For the last two weeks, a highly interesting protracted meeting, has been going on in our village. We hope much good has been done, not only to particular individuals, but to the community at large. We have been highly interested in sermons delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Campbells and Wilbur.

We insert in our paper to-day, the communication of "T. S. R." the subject to which he alludes, is one of vast importance, and we invite a discussion pro and con, in our columns—if it is conducted in the right spirit.

The report of the resignation of Judge McLean, has been contradicted.

We are indebted to the Hon. J. B. Bowlin, for public documents.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature by Mr. Gamble of St. Louis, for the repeal of the act which prohibits the use of the capias, except in criminal cases. We can only hope that it may never become a law—we hope that our code of laws may never be stained by the enactment of a law so revolting to justice and humanity, as to immerse an honest and an innocent man within the walls of a dungeon, among felons and criminals, simply because he is unable to discharge the debts which he may have contracted.

In the days of feudal despotism, when the tilling millions were looked upon as the vassals and serfs of the great landlords, this doctrine might have been popular—but in this age, when all those old and slavish notions which mankind imbibed in the dark ages, have been dispelled by the sunlight of civilization and improvement; it can never meet with the approbation of the people. We look upon it as a matter of principle. Man has no right to encumber his fellow man for simple debt. To the creditor, it would doubtless be vastly comfortable, if his heart be vindictive, to throw his debtor into a dark dungeon, to rot piece meal away, to see him droop and die, and become food for worms. When a man is imprisoned for debt, will the law, aiding the merciless creditor, give him an opportunity of striving to pay that debt? No! he must remain in prison, until he makes an oath from which a keen sensitive mind will shrink with an involuntary shudder. And when an individual is discharged according to law, is he a better man or better citizen, from the fiery ordeal through which he has passed. If he be a man of no fine moral feelings, if long intercourse with the world has rendered him callous, he is perhaps not injured; but not so with a man of high toned moral sentiment. By the laws of the land he has been subjected to one of the most degrading and humiliating tests to which human nature is ever exposed. For simple debt, he has been confined in the cells of the prison; he feels that he stands before the world all reeking with the filth and the fumes of a dungeon—he has been offered the bitter alternative of remaining in jail, or taking an oath, at which all the finer feelings of the human heart revolt.

We are aware that the use of the capias has occasionally been of great advantage to the creditor—it has wrung from the dishonest their ill-gotten gains; but what an instrument of wrong and injury has it not been to the honest and unfortunate debtor, who has fallen into the clutches of some money craving Shylock, who with all the cruelty of the merchant jew, demands the bond or the pound of flesh. Men who hesitate not to swear falsely, are benefited by it; those who are tender of their oaths, suffer, which should be protected? We sincerely hope it may never become the law of the land. God forbid that the statute books of the "young giant of the west," should ever again be stained by this relic of barbarism.

LEGISLATURE.

There is from the last dates, but little of interest going on in our Legislature. Mr. Watson from the committee upon education, has reported a bill to provide for the reception of the 21,000 dollars accruing to this State from the distribution act, and to loan 10,000 of that to the State University, which report was agreed to in the lower house. The contested election from Cooper, has not been decided.

Col. W. H. Polk, brother of the President elect, has refused the appointment of Charge d'Affaires to Naples.

TEN THOUSAND THUNDER CLAPS!

AWFUL WHIG VICTORY!!! THE UNION SAVED!!! The Whigs have absolutely elected a Mayor in Pittsburgh, Penn., says the Paris Mercury.

Messrs. Samuel & Hains, of Hannibal, have offered a premium of fifty dollars, for the best hoghead of tobacco for shipping; and twenty-five dollars, for the hoghead of good quality tobacco, put up in the best order for shipping, delivered at Hannibal. Old Pike is some in that line of business, and can vie successfully with any of her sister counties, in the growth of the weed.

The State Senate have passed a bill locating the 5th branch of the State Bank at Lexington, in Lafayette co.

Glorious News!

THE PASSAGE OF THE ANNEXATION BILL THROUGH THE LOWER HOUSE.—The Wednesday night's mail brought us the gratifying intelligence of the passage of Mr. Brown's Texas bill in the House of Representatives, by a vote of one hundred and twenty, to ninety-eight. We have never been captious about the manner and the mode in which Texas should be annexed; but that our readers may understand fully the premises, we insert the bill itself, and leave comment for our next number;

JOINT RESOLUTIONS declaring the terms in which Congress will admit Texas into the Union as a State.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Congress doth consent that the territory property included within, and rightfully belonging to the Republic of Texas, may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, with a republican form of government, to be adopted by the people of said republic, by deputies in convention assembled, with the consent of the existing government, in order that the same may be admitted as one of the States of this Union.

Sec. 2. And be it further resolved, That the foregoing consent of Congress is given upon the following conditions, and with the following guaranties, to wit:

First. Said State to be formed, subject to the adjustment by this government of all questions of boundary that may arise with other governments; and the constitution thereof, with the proper evidence of its adoption by the people of said republic of Texas, shall be transmitted to the President of the United States, to be laid before Congress for its final action, on or before the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

Second. Said State, when admitted into the Union, after ceding to the United States all mines, minerals, salt lakes, and springs, and also all public edifices, fortifications, barracks, ports and harbors, navy and navy yards, docks, magazines, arms, armaments, and all other property and means pertaining to the public defence, belonging to said republic of Texas, shall retain all the public funds, debts, taxes, and dues of every kind which may belong to, or be due and owing said republic; and shall also retain all the vacant and unappropriated lands lying within its limits, to be applied to the payment of the debts and liabilities of said republic of Texas, and the residue of said lands, after discharging said debts and liabilities, to be disposed of as said State may direct; but in no event are said debts and liabilities to become a charge upon the government of the United States.

Third. New States, of convenient size, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the federal constitution. And such States as may be formed out of that portion of said territory lying south of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union, with or without slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire.

And in such State or States shall be formed out of the said territory north of said Missouri compromise line, slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, shall be prohibited.

The vote on the final passage of this resolution stood:

Yeas—Messrs. Arrington, Ashe, Atkinson, Bayly, Belser, Bidlack, Edward J. Black, James Black, James A. Black, Blackwell, Bower, Bowlin, Boyd, Broadhead, Aaron V. Brown, Milton Brown, William J. Brown, Burk, Burt, Caldwell, Campbell, Shepherd Carey, Reuben Chapman, Augustus A. Chapman, Chapell, Clinch, Cobb, Coles, Cross, Culom, Daniel, John W. Davis, Dawson, Dean, Deller, Douglass, Dringgoole, Duncan, Ellis, Farlee, Franklin, Foster, French, Fuller, Hammett, Haralson, Hays, Henry, Holmes, Hoge, Hopkins Houston, Hubbard, Hughes, Charles J. Inger, Isoll, Jenison, Cave Johnson, Andrew Johnson, George W. Jones, Andrew Kennedy, Kilpatrick, La Branche, Leonard, Lucas, Lumpkin, Lyon, McCauslen, McClay, McCler, nand, McConnell, McDowell, McKay, Matthews, Joseph Morris, Isaac E. Morse, Murphy, Newton, Norris, Owen, Parmenter, Payne, Pettit, Payton, E. D. Potter, Pratt, David S. Reid, Relfe, Rhett, Ritter, Roberts, Russell, Saunders, Senter, Thomas H. Seymour, Simmons, Simpson, Slidell, John T. Smith, Robert Smith, Stearns, Stephens, John Stewart, Stiles, James W. Stone, Alfred P. Stone, Strong, Sykes, Taylor,

Thompson, Tibbatts, Tucker, Wellen, Wentworth, Woodward, Joseph A. Wright, Yancey, Yost—120.

Nays—Messrs. Abbott, Adams, Andersons, Baker, Baringer, Barnard, Benton, Brengle, Brinkerhoff, Jeremiah Brown, Buffington, Carpenter, Jeremiah E. Carey, Carroll, Catlin, Causin, Chilton, Clingman, Clinton, Callamer, Cranston, Dana, Darrah, Garrett Davis, Richard D. Davis, Deberry Dickey, Dillingham, Dunlap, Elmer, Fish, Florence, Foot, Giddings, Goggin, Willis Green, Bryan Green, Grinnell, Grider, Hale, Hannibal, Hamlin, Edward S. Hamlin, Harden, Harper, Herrick, Hudson, Washington Hunt, Johnson, John P. Kennedy, Preston King, Daniel P. King, McCllland, Melvaine, Marsh, Edward J. Morris, Freeman H. Morse, Moseley, Nes, Patterson, Phoenix, Pollock, Elisha R. Potter, Preston, Pardy, Ramsey, Rathbun, Rayner, Reding, Robinson, Rockwell, Rodney, Rogers, St. John, Sample, Schenck, Severance, David L. Seymour, Albert Smith, Caleb B. Smith, Stearns, Andrew Stewart, Summers, Thomasson, Tilden, Tyler, Vance, Vanmeter, Vinton, Wethered, Wheaton, John White, Benjamin White, Williams, Winthrop, and William Wright—96.

So the joint resolution was passed.

BANKRUPT LAW.

Among the Cherokee Indians it was a few years since customary when one of their traders was supposed to have become insolvent, to summon him before a tribunal, having entire jurisdiction over all such matters, and if after a thorough examination, it was found that he was unable to pay his debts, he was tied to a tree and each creditor gave him a blow with a switch for each dollar which he might owe, the bystanders mocking and deriding him, while this process was going forward. The punished man was ever afterwards exempted from the payment of all debts contracted previous to this discharge. At first we are apt to think this downright cruelty, but after reflection, we excuse it on the score of the savage condition of the aborigines—but yet in our estimation it is neither so cruel so heartless and nonsensical as that bloody code which gives one man the power to cast his neighbour into a prison for an indefinite period, simply, because he is unable to discharge his liabilities.

GOOD!

Thomas W. Dorr, of Rhode Island, so long confined in prison, for daring to assert the principles of popular supremacy, has indignantly refused to accept the disgraceful terms offered him by the Algerine ruffians in the Legislature of that State, as a condition of his liberation. Long confinement and the relentless persecutions to which he has been subjected from that heartless faction, has almost entirely shattered his constitution; and from the petition which his father makes, requesting the liberty of visiting him with his family physician, we are induced to believe that he cannot survive long. In refusing this offer, he has acted a part which well becomes the champion of the people's rights. If he dies in that loathsome prison, he falls a victim to political intolerance, and his name will live in after ages, placed side by side with Hamden and Syden, and other martyrs to the cause of human liberty.

Our columns are opened to correspondents from any quarter, reserving to ourselves the privilege of rejecting such as may not please us. We are not particular as to the subjects discussed.—Politics, Love, Law, Religion, any thing which will suit the varied taste of our intelligent readers.

"CONSCIENCE RETURNING."—We are requested by Mr. Jones, to ask the Boston Atlas and the Baltimore Sun to give place to the following, which "records the fact," that another politician besides D. M. Kimball, has "felt the quins of conscience."

A LIE RETRACTED.—Having publicly stated before the election, that I did not know who Jas. K. Polk was; that I did know his grandfather to be a Tory; that I did know he had branded his negroes in the forehead; and that Great Britain had sent over some half a million of dollars to aid the Democratic party, I feel constrained by the gnawings of my awakened conscience, to publicly avow that in all these matters I "lied deeply, as I have often lied before."

JOHN JONES.

Zaneville, Jan. 8th, 1845.

From the Expositor.

Life on the Prairies.

Messrs. Webb & French;

Here-with you have some scraps from my note book. If they possess any interest with your readers I may "repeat the dose."

Yours,

I can remember well with what pleasure in my boyish days, I have listened to the stories of old Snare, the hunter; a man famous in the wild mountain district of the State in which I spent part of my youth. Old Snare was half Quaker, half Indian, was born and had lived in the Alleghany range all his life, was familiar with many a scene of border feud, could tell many a tale of the wild life which he had led, at time when the war whoop of the Indian was so often heard in the still forests, the prelude to rapine and death, and when the foreman never slept without his trusty rifle by his side, ever prepared to use it; above all old Snare was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," and the perpetual charm of his stories to me was, that he never failed to tell how he had first tracked his game, how he had crept up on it, how he had shot, where he had hit it, and "all about it."

I know not whether others share with me this friendship for detail in such matters, but I know that before I myself have had the satisfaction of killing my own game on the wild Prairie, I have often been vexed by the concise manner in which some mountain man when I asked him how he killed a Bear, the Buffalo or the Elk, has told me, "why I shot it, to be sure."

So supposing that some person may be interested in such things, I hope will be sufficient apology for my giving some extracts from a journal which was only intended for the personal use of a relation. What shall be the first? Let us see. Here's a Buffalo hunt which I find among the notes of a return trip from Santa Fe.

August 16th.—Camped seventeen miles from the crossing of the Arkansas.

August the 18th, was a bright and sunny morn, the gorgeous dyes of the East recalling nothing else that I can compare them to, but the dawn of the day before, (at least I think of no other comparison but as good except indeed it be the joyous smile of M. L.)

Our seven waggoners "rolled up," the seven waggoners most laboriously cracking their whips and the seventy mules in harness making all sorts of a noise by way of keeping up the excitement. All fear of meeting the Comanches is forgotten in the joy of soon reaching the Arkansas, on the other side of which we shall be comparatively "at home." Buffalo in sight in immense herds. Silano (a Delaware Indian) and myself concluded to go on ahead and kill a cow. We kept along for three or four miles in advance of the company, as it we had an opportunity of rushing our animals on a small band feeding near the trail; putting spurs to our mules we dashed on before they had notice of our approach. Sil on one side and myself on the other. In my eagerness, however, I had overtaken an enormous bull which was feeding at some little distance from the cows, and unfortunately rode between him and the main band. No sooner did he perceive me in full chase of the band, than I became the pursuer and I pursued; my mule was slow and the enraged Lord of the Prairie and myself were soon side by side. My situation was now somewhat critical; not to kill him was death to myself. A prayer to the Virgin rising to my lips, the tremendous brute within five yards of my saddle bow, I took deliberate aim with one of my heavy horse pistols, reserving my carbine for a second shot, and had the satisfaction to witness one desperate plunge which sent him full twenty yards in advance of me, dead at the first shot, my ball had gone through his heart. In the meantime Sil seeing my "fix" had left the band without killing a cow, and was coming to my rescue. Dismounting, we took out the tongue, the hunters trophy, and the only part of a bull which is fit to eat at this season and disposed of as they pleased. But we had come out to kill a cow, and a cow we must kill, for we had no fresh meat in our camp, and both Sil and myself were epicures in buffalo meat and were determined to have some of the best and fattest that day on the Prairie. So striking off among the sand hills on the right of the trail, we soon came in sight of a large herd of some hundreds quietly grazing, unaware of the approach of their formidable enemy. We had the wind of them, and as our mules were tired with their previous run, concluded to kill on the approach (called still hunting.) As it was now Sil's turn to have some sport, he very quietly dismounted, put off his jingling Mexican

spurs, and all his extra rigging, stuck a trailing green bush over his head and back, looked to his rifle, fresh capped it, and commenced crawling carefully on hands and knees to the band of buffalo which was not more than three or four hundred yards off, concealed by a rise in the Prairie, while I remained patiently behind, waiting with the mules in hand. Imagine my impatience. "The band of Buffalo is beginning, to feed above the next rise of the Prairie, they are startled, snuff the air very suspiciously and begin doubtfully to stroke a short trot over the hill. What a time Sil is, why don't he fire? but he's picking out a fat one to blaze away at no doubt, disregarding those which might be nearest to him. I can control my impatience no longer, I must crawl up to the summit of the hill, I see him, he's in the midst of the band which is scattered round him; they do not discover him. He is not forty yards from a glorious cow. There's the crack of his rifle at last. She don't fall. He's only wounded her. They have discovered him, the whole band cross the far hill with their peculiar lumbering gallop. There is an immense bull, the companion of the wounded cow. He is lagging and looking behind. Now the cow begins to ascend with staggering steps the hill. All but these two are out of sight, galloping over the sand hills. Silano has loaded again. The poor cow stops, looks back at the hunter! Now he has fired again. Hurrah! She falls; but stop! Here comes the old bull charging back. He walks round the fallen cow, lashing his mighty sides with his tail and tearing up the earth with his hoofs. He walks off a few yards, calls sadly to the cow. She's up again but she can't run. They both walk off together over the hill, into the next hollow. She is safe enough, but we must kill the bull or he'll never leave her."

Sil and myself now advanced, leading our mules, and rising the hill, saw them as we expected, on a level amphitheatre of about four hundred yards, surrounded by hills. Now, there was fun, the bull was evidently dangerous. The cow had again fallen, unable to go further. We did not dare to go up close, so we had to content ourselves with firing long shots on the Old Gentleman, and did fire some seven or eight with no further effect than to make him swish his tail as each bullet struck him; but he would not leave the cow. There was now nothing for it, but to mount and advance on him, making a hideous noise and ready to fire and run when he attacked us; but we succeeded in frightening him off over the hills. I followed him to keep him off, leaving Sil to deal with the cow which was now dead.

Just as I mounted the hill, I met the enraged Buffalo face to face. He seemed inspired with fresh courage and no doubt ashamed of his recent flight, was returning on us. There was no back up in him this time. Sil shouted, yells and shots were all ineffective. When I found this case, I must acknowledge I wheeled my mule remarkably fast—dashed spurs in her and galloped towards Sil, shouting to him to fire, at the Buffalo after me. I had barely time to reach Sil, dismount, fling my rifle to a rest, and draw a bead on him. Sil was ready; the Buffalo was in a few yards. We both jumped to one side and before he could turn we had each put a bullet in his side. At so short a distance our fire failed not to be effective. He dropped a martyr to conjugal fidelity.

On examination we found that nine balls had hit him. A Buffalo bull when enraged is by no means "easy to die," and old hunters say he will fight with a bullet in his heart.

And that's how we killed our cow that day. We had fresh meat in our camp that night, but they laughed most heartily at me for many a day after, for my exploits in the running away line, which the Delaware's thought too good a joke to keep.

Well, those cheerful nights on the broad Prairie are pleasant, when thus around the camp fire we tell the tales of the day.

GOOD STORY.—The Portland Bulletin tells a good story of a certain good Deacon whose hat blew off, and led him a long race after it through the street. At length the Deacon became exhausted in the race, and pulled up against a post by the sidewalk. A gentleman came along, to whom the deacon addressed himself thus:—"My friend, I am a Deacon of the Church, and it is very wrong for me to swear; you will therefore greatly oblige me if you will just d—n that hat for me."

A WISH.—"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to an old maid who was proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."